

have been as many changes in the last year as there have in the Salt Pond. It's not that the high tides are so much higher, though I've been excoriated, castigated and blamed for the high tides ever since Freddy Carey helped me clear the smothering sedge grass from the north side, which bids fair to become the most productive clam flat in town, if the d—d Canada geese can be kept off in the winter. (I'm not really to blame, it's the change in Nauset Inlet which has changed the tides.)

It's the low tides. I haven't seen such low tides since Ommund Howes moored his power boat, the one with the one-lunger Palmer motor in it, in the Salt Pond River, not since Old Bill McRae and Charlie Campbell went to dig "run-down" clams on the flat easterly from the outlet.

So it was with little surprise that I noticed a string of bubbles coming straight across the pond toward where I was culling clam seed from quahog seed in the north-east corner. The bubbles were not caused by the tide, however, but by Reuben the sea robin, up from Nauset Marsh— you know, the fish with fins, feet, wings, horns and the ability to talk.

"Howdy, Bub," grunted Reuben.

I said, "Howdy, Reuben. What brings you 'way up here?"

He disregarded my question. "Who was that blond I seen you with last week?" he asked.

I said, (his way of talking is catching) "That weren't no common blond, that were Sherri, my clam counter."

"What's a pretty thing like that doin' countin' clams?" he demanded. He did a series of back flips which made him look like a ruddy pinwheel with horns.

I dodged the question. "A most unexpected thing happened," I said. "You know we were experimenting with raising quahogs in trays. We put laboratory-raised seed less than a fifth of an inch long out last July, and when we towed them in onto the beach last month we found some of them have grown an inch already."

"So what did you expect them to do?" asked Reuben. "Shrink?"

"Well, they grew faster than we expected, but the strange thing was that we got a set of clams in the trays, right along with the baby quahogs."

"So, now you're complaining?"

I said, "I'm not complaining. But we found we had as many as 1,600 clams with the 1,000 quahogs we had planted in 12 square feet of tray."

"That's too many," Reuben said.

I agreed. "So that's how come Sherri't be counting clams with me. She just happened to be in Eastham for her school vacation . . ."

"Excuses," Reuben grunted, "all I get is excuses. Hey, Bub," he went on, "can you get me a blonde to help me count?"

For once I had the last word. "Oh, yeah," I said, "it's that time of year, ain't it."

To Mr and Mrs Obed Fulcher whose seventy-first wedding anniversary was on September 11. They were married in the Methodist Parsonage in Orleans by the Methodist minister, Mr Hill. The Fulchers had an attractive congratulatory message from President Ford. In the "Entering Eastham" book, acknowledgment is made to Mrs Fulcher (Lottie Young before her marriage) for her contribution in giving information about the "old days," especially of Eastham's and Orleans' connection with the Atlantic Cable. Mr Fulcher was born in the large farmhouse in which they live. Loads of Best Wishes from all of us!

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Eastham Historical Society receives print



Fred Jewell of the Eastham Historical Society accepts a copy of Eastham's official Bicentennial painting done by Karen Rinaldo of Yarmouth depicting Eastham's historic landmarks from Karen Walsh, manager of Eastham's office of the Hyannis Co-operative.

Hyannis Cooperative Bank opens in Eastham



After a year and one half in planning and building of Eastham's branch of the Hyannis Co-operative Bank on Brackett Road in North Eastham, the first bank to be built in that town, opened March 11. Karen Walsh, Manager of the bank cuts the ribbon in the opening ceremonies. At left is Eldridge Sparrow and Jack Higgins, President of the bank. Eastham Selectman, Fred LaPlante stands to her right and Tommy Nickerson, Orleans branch director and manager. In the background is Harry Damon of Nickerson Homes, Eastham Selectman Freeman Hatch III.

EASTHAM BICENTENNIAL



